



The Big Day by **chelseapenny**

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-10-21 13:34:47

Updated: 2018-10-21 13:34:47

Packaged: 2019-12-12 22:56:41

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,954

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: It's Mike and El's wedding day...what could go wrong?

The Big Day

To say that El was exhausted was an understatement. She could not determine which day was Monday to the weekend. The fatigue didn't start until a few weeks ago, as before that, she was happy, well rested, and focused. Of course, she was still happy, but most days, she was physically and emotionally drained. No, El wasn't sick, nor was she having memory loss.

El was planning a wedding. More specifically, her and Mike's wedding.

El awoke the morning of her wedding day, to find Mike's side of the bed empty. Instead, Mike left a note, in his place:

**El,
I can't wait to marry you. I love you!
Mike**

El hummed in satisfaction, kissing the note that her future husband had written. She tucked the note into her honeymoon bag, then proceeded across the hall, for a long, hot shower. El took her time, allowing the soap and hot water to literally wash away her anxiety. She still had rollers, in her hair, from the night before, and was very cautious about getting them wet. After her shower, El brushed her teeth, and got dressed in a pair of shorts and a button down flannel. El then skipped down the hall, to the kitchen, where Joyce was making breakfast and Hopper was reading his newspaper.

"Happy, today?" Hopper joked.

"What was your first clue?" El joked back, hugging her dad, who kissed her cheek.

"I'm happy for you, kiddo," he said, "so incredibly happy."

El sat down, with Hopper, as Joyce brought over plates of scrambled eggs, bacon, and Eggos. Joyce was giddy with wedding excitement.

"How are you feeling?" Joyce asked.

El took huge bites of her eggs, before she responded, "Well rested."

Joyce smiled, "Just a few more hours and you'll be Mrs. Mike Wheeler."

El giggled, as she ate the rest of her breakfast. Hopper got up and grabbed his suit bag and shoes.

"I'm meeting Mike and the others, at the venue, to help set up chairs," he said, kissing El and Joyce goodbye, "I'll see you soon." As Hopper left, Joyce gathered the breakfast dishes.

"Thank you guys, for house sitting, while Mike and I go on our honeymoon," El said.

"Oh, sweetie, it's no trouble," Joyce said, "now go get your stuff. Your dress is already at the venue, with the others. We need to leave here in about 20 minutes."

El went back to the bathroom, to rebrush the breakfast out of her teeth. She then went and got her stuff, including her bag, for their honeymoon. El then sat down on the bed she shared with Mike, and looked around the room. The next time she would be in there, she and Mike would be husband and wife.

What could go wrong today? She joked in her head.

Joyce had pulled the car up to a country club, which El had visited once, while picking out wedding venues. El stared out the car window in shock. This was not the venue she chose, in fact, the venue was at the bottom of her list. When she and Mike took a tour, the entire place was outdated and hideous. Dark green carpet, from the 1960s, sun bleached photos of old golfers, that no one had ever heard of, and the smell...oh the musky, mothballs, grandma's old closet smell, that had Mike and El gagging from the time they walked in. Now, instead of a beautiful, field of flowers she originally chose, to wed her beloved, the memory of Mike and El's wedding would be etched in as the geriatric club for whiney old men.

El was met at the front door by Mike and his mother, Karen. Mike planted a big kiss on his future bride's lips, appearing all giddy and excited for the day's event.

"Are you ready, baby?" Mike whispered.

"I am," El whispered back, "but Mike, I thought we booked the poppy field, at Martin's Farm."

Mike looked at her confused, "Um, no El, you specifically picked this place. In fact, you were determined to book it."

"I....I was?" El asked, suddenly feeling faint.

"Yes, my love," Mike looked at her worried, "in fact, you wrote a check that same day."

El must have been more tired than she realized, not able to remember booking a venue.

"Are you ok?" Mike rubbed her shoulders, "is it wedding jitters?"

El's mind snapped, for Mike was a genius! She was nervous about the wedding, mostly from being tired and burned out. El wrapped her arms around Mike and kissed his forehead.

"Wedding jitters," she repeated, "I'll be ok. I can't wait to officially become your wife."

As Mike and El pressed their foreheads together, embracing in each others arms, Karen interrupted their sweet moment.

"Ok, you two," Karen said, she grabbed El's arm gently, "save some for the wedding. We need to get El ready."

Mike gave El a quick kiss, "See you in an hour."

El was grinning at her future husband, as Karen and Joyce guided her to the dressing room. Mike was still standing there, smiling at El, until Hopper needed help with the groomsmen's suits. El felt like floating, she was marrying the man of her dreams today. There was no need for further exhaustion, for everything was set into motion. What else could go wrong, she pondered.

El stopped short, upon entering the bridal room, heart dropping to her stomach. Standing there, in front of El, stood Max, Nancy, and

Holly. Although El was pleased to see them and they were excited to see her, that wasn't the reason why she stopped short, while having an internal panic attack.

It was the bridesmaids dresses....the taffeta, pistachio-colored, puffed out dresses. Oh....my.....God, El panicked.

El began to worry more, regarding her well-being. Was she really that exhausted, from all the wedding plans, that she forgot what type of dresses she picked, for her bridal party? El didn't want to come off as a bridezilla, at the final hour. She decided to brush it off, so she could focus on Mike.

"El!" Max exclaimed, rushing over to hug her best friend.

"You look...great!" El stammered. Max immediately took notice of El's behavior.

"Oh my God, girl," Max said, "you look tired. Here, drink some coffee." Max passed her coffee cup to El, who drank it all in one swig.

"Thanks," El said softly, "I guess I'm just ready for this day. All of the wedding planning has turned me into a crazy person."

"Well today is your day!" Max said, as the others started unrolling El's hair curlers. El decided to try to relax and enjoy the pampering she was receiving, from the others. Joyce and Max were on hair duty, while Nancy did El's makeup. Karen and Holly were in the back of the room, fluffing and tending to El's wedding dress. El felt peaceful, for the first time in weeks. She closed her eyes and allow serenity to take over her anxiety.

After a while, El's hair and makeup were complete. El beaming with excitement, she couldn't wait to see the results. Nancy handed her a large mirror, and one El looked upon her reflection, the anxiety returned. While El was fine with the tight curls, cascading her cheekbones, her bangs and the crown of her hair were teased so high, that birds could make a nest in it. But that wasn't all...attached to her head was the largest tulle veil, she had ever seen, complete with yards or fake babies breath.

That was just El's hair, for her makeup was a different story. With the electric blue eyeshadow and hot pink, almost magenta lipstick, and sharp contour of her cheekbones, El could have easily been mistaken for a dancer in a Flock of Seagulls music video. El took a deep breath, it was only hair and makeup. She wasn't gonna make a scene over it.

As El turned around, to put on her dress, she almost lost it.

The dress was different. It was one thing to forget about the venue, and not argue about hair and makeup, but this was another story. Her wedding dress matched the same taffeta material, as the bridesmaids dresses, but was white. The train was...massive, almost 10 feet long. Not to mention, the sleeves...the sleeves were what made El cringe the most, for they weren't long sleeves with lace, but they were short and reminded El of oversized marshmallows.

"What...what happened to my original dress?" El shouted, startling the other women in the room.

"Sweetie" Joyce said softly, "what are you talking about?"

El walked towards the dress, hands outstretched, inspecting every detail, "This is not the dress I ordered!"

"El...", Max whispered.

"NO!" El shouted, " I may be exhausted, but I do recall what dress I picked out, and this is not it! You were all there, when I tried on my perfect dress....ivory, slim-fitting, and long sleeves with lace. And certainly not a train that is the length of the Nile River!"

All the women were quiet, to allow El to rant. Finally, Holly spoke up.

"I like it!" Holly smiled, causing El to glare at her.

"Holly," Karen said, "go check on Mike and the guys, to see if they're ready."

"But mom..." Holly whined.

"Now, young lady!" Karen exclaimed. Holly then grabbed her flowers

and sulked out of the room. Once the door was closed, Karen then turned to El.

"You listen here, El," Karen started.

"Karen..." Joyce interjected.

"Joyce!" Karen responded, "I'm talking!" Joyce then retreated to the couch.

Karen continued, "I don't know what's gotten into you, today of all days. But you need to wake up! All of this, the venue, the dress, the flowers, the cake....YOU picked all of this out. Now, I will admit that I was apprehensive at first, when Mike said you were doing all the planning, but since he was fine with it, then I let that slide. Now, it's the big day, and not just yours, but my son's big day! And he is so happy, that he almost forgot to eat breakfast. You will put on that dress, you will smile, and you will make my son happy. Have I made myself clear?"

"What, so I just parade down the aisle like Madonna?" El exclaimed.

"HAVE I MADE MYSELF CLEAR?" Karen yelled.

El swallowed, while the others stood to the side and watched the drama unfold. El wanted to make Mike happy, but she didn't want to argue with Karen, especially today. El nodded, "Crystal."

"Good," Karen resumed her normal smile, "now get dressed...wedding is in 10 minutes." Karen then proceeded to exit the room, and to walk down to the room, to where Mike was getting ready.

Nancy, Max, and Joyce helped El into her dress. Just down the hall, she could hear the muffled sounds of Mike and Karen arguing...about El of course. El wanted to cry, but didn't want to appear upset in front of Mike, on their wedding day. Once she was dressed and ready, Joyce hugged her stepdaughter and Max had her flowers ready. Nancy went to the door, to open it.

"You ready?" Nancy asked.

El nodded quietly, and Nancy opened the door, revealing Hopper on

the other side, waiting to walk El down the aisle. Hopper face filled with tears at the sight of his adoptive daughter, and El could help but get teary as well.

"You look so beautiful," Hopper whispered, as he hugged El in a tight embrace.

"Thank you, Dad," El responded, holding close in to Hopper's embrace.

They broke apart the embrace and El took Hopper arm, "Let's go get you married, kid," he said.

All of Mike and El's family and friends rose from their seats, as the music began to play El's bridal procession. Once Max, Nancy, and Holly took their places at the altar, it was El's turn. Hopper beaming with pride, as El held his arm, El smiled as she saw everyone standing for her. She couldn't wait to see Mike, waiting for her at the altar. As El and Hopper turned the corner, to proceed down the aisle, El's eyes landed on Mike, and her anxiety came back. There was Mike, with a huge grin on his face, which El loved.

But what on earth was he wearing?

Mike was not wearing the dark, grey suit, that he and El had chosen. Instead, his suit was bright blue, with off white ruffles and the biggest black bowtie she had ever seen. Did he borrow Ted's suit, from the 1970s? El took a deep breath, as she get closer, trying not to focus on the details.

You are marrying Mike, you are marrying Mike, she repeated in her head.

When El made it to the altar, Mike took her hand from Hopper's, before giving Hopper a hug. After El grazed upon Mike, she turned to the officiant....

The officiant....who was the town drunk....

El's breathed hitched in her throat, when she saw the familiar, unnamed face, of the man that frequented every bar in Hawkins. Today, he stood before her and Mike, with a wedding script, reeking

of Gin.

"Deeeeerly bewoved," the town drunk slurred, "we is gathered hur to see these two youngins get hitched. Mawrrige is a blessin uneeooon that..."

El turned him out, almost choking on the strong stench of gin. She looked over at Mike, who was completely unfazed. Was this a wedding joke? Did Mike do this to ease El's mind?

"Mike," El whispered, "where's the officiant?"

Mike looked at her confused, "This is the officiant. Remember, we only had \$50 left in the budget?"

"What?" El whispered loudly.

"Shhhhhh," Mike responded and smile, tapping his finger on her nose.

El's internal panic started back up again.

"Do yew, Elenuur, take Mieeeke to be yew awfully wedded hisband?" the town drunk asked.

"I do," El said quickly, trying to get through the service, as quickly as possible. She just wanted to be alone with Mike, after this whole fiasco.

Suddenly, a loud screech of an electric guitar, filled the air, startling El to almost a heart attack. She turned around and saw the most ridiculous big-haired cover band, station not far from the altar.

"What the-" El exclaimed.

"POWER CORD!" the lead guitarist shouted, before proceeding to string out the most ear-piercing rift. El covered her ears and looked over at Mike, who was head banging on with the song...or whatever monstrosity the band was playing. El look around and noticed almost everyone, including Hopper, was enjoying the music.

Once they stopped playing, El lightly applauded, to be polite. Mike was flustered red and his hair was a mess. The town drunk continued.

"Do yew, Maaaaaike," the town drunk belched out Mike's name, "take El...elbenor....to be yew awfully wedded wayfe?"

Mike puffed his chest up and faced El, with a huge grin. El gave a small smile of relief. Mike Wheeler, her Mike, her one and only true love, was about to declare himself as her husband.

Mike then stuffed one hand in his pocket, eyed El up and down, then shouted, "I SURE WILL!"

El face dropped...the one moment of romance she looked forward to, since she was 13, was completely ruined.

"POWER CORD!" the lead guitarist said again, playing the same, horrible rift. El covered her ears this time, eyes squeezed shut, until the finished their song.

"Theeese kids are maaaaarid!" the drunk yelled. Applause followed and Mike leaned on for a kiss. El kiss him back, and wanted to grab his hand, to rush out. Until Karen showed up...with a cot.

"Time to consummate!" Karen yelled and Mike began to remove his jacket.

El went pale, "What?!"

"I brought the video camera, per your request," Will said, setting up the tripod.

"Mike...what's going on?" El cried.

"El, you know we got to make the marriage legal," Mike grinned.

"But in front of everyone?" El screamed.

"That's how they did it in the old days," Mike said, "they must witness the consummation of our marriage."

El stepped back up the aisle, as Mike reached for her arm, "No....Mike" she pleaded.

"El, come on," Mike said.

"El you must!" Max shouted.

"El!" Hopper shouted, as El ran up the aisle.

"El! EL!"

"NOOO!" El screamed, squeezing her eyes closed.

El felt shaking and immediately opened her eyes to their bedroom at home. Mike was shaking her awake.

"El?" Mike exclaimed, from his side of the bed, "wake up!"

El shot straight up and looked around. She was in their bedroom, with Mike sitting up next to her, on his side of their bed. The glow of their bedside lamp filled the room. El looked around , then down at her hand, only seeing her engagement ring, but no wedding band. She looked at Mike's hand....no wedding band. El then shot out of bed, and ran to the guest room. She opened the closet and unzipped her wedding dress bag, sighing relief when she noticed it was her dress...ivory, long sleeved with lace.

She closed the closet door and turned around, only to be met by Mike, in his wrinkled pajamas and bed head. Mike took El in his arms and rubbed her back.

"Bad dream?" Mike asked.

El nodded, and Mike held her tighter, leading her back to their bed. Once Mike tucked her in and kissed her forehead, she had two questions or him.

"Mike, where are we getting married?"

Mike looked worried, "The poppy field at Martin's Farm."

El sighed relief. "And did you get the grey suit?"

Mike smirked, "Oh, I thought you wanted blue."

El gasped and hit Mike with a pillow.